

AUTUMN ISSUE  
No. 10

THE

# SPIRIT

SM  
A



10¢

**STALKS  
CRIME!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

## *Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottos*

### SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottos which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottos you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

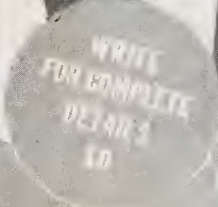
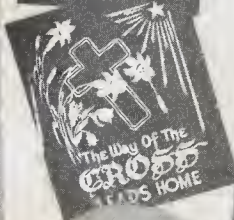
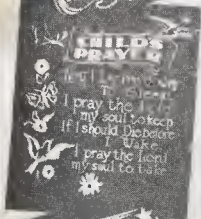
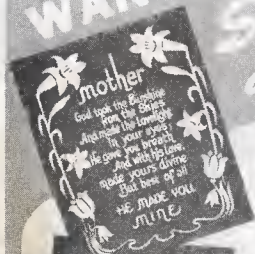
**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50**

**IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00**

**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00**

### REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottos you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



## CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street, P. O. Box 106, Normal, Illinois

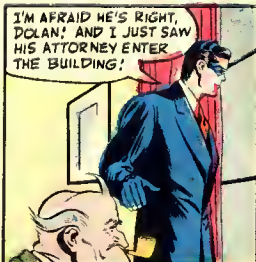
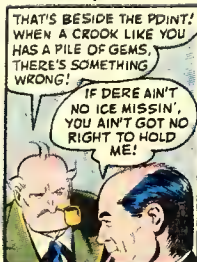
# THE SPIRIT



**HAS THE MIGHTY SPIRIT BEEN CAUGHT  
AND HUMBLING IN THE DUST?**

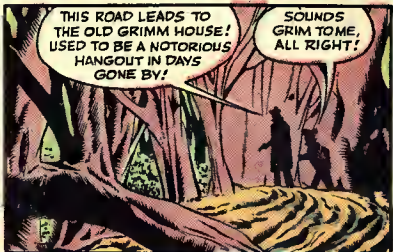
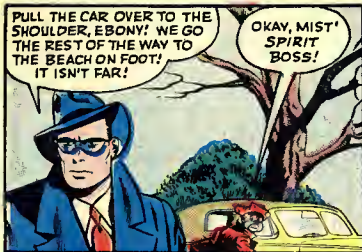
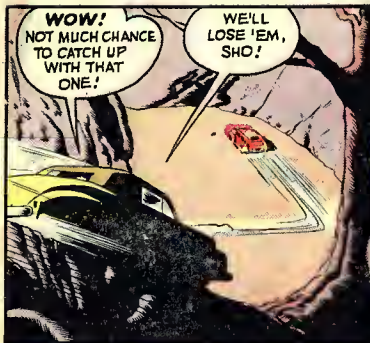
**IN EACH MAN'S LIFE THE LAW OF AVERAGES CATCHES  
UP! THIS TIME IT LOOKS AS THOUGH DAME FORTUNE  
HAS DESERTED THE SPIRIT!**

# The Spirit

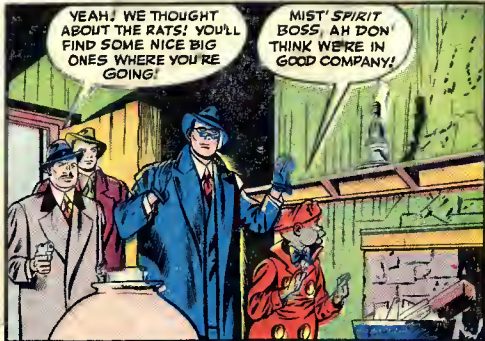




# The Spirit



# The Spirit

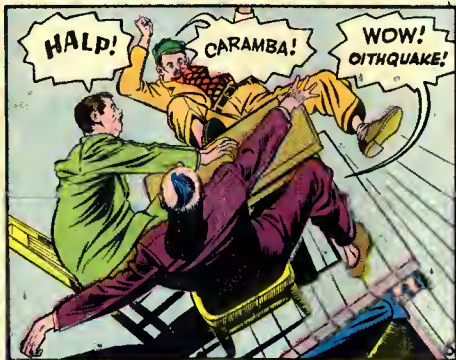
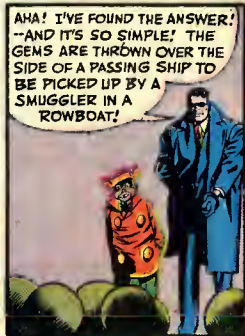
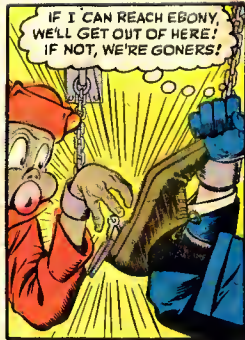


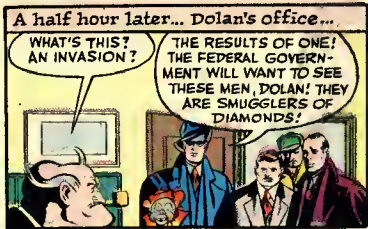
# The Spirit





# The Spirit



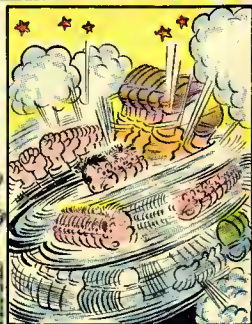
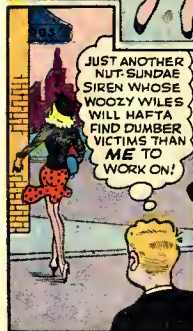
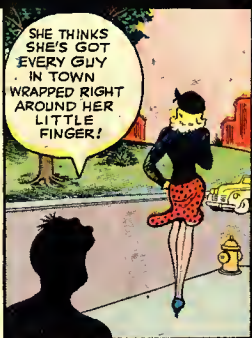
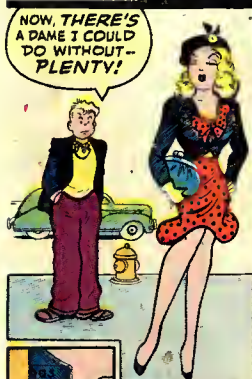




The Spirit

# JONESY

By DIB



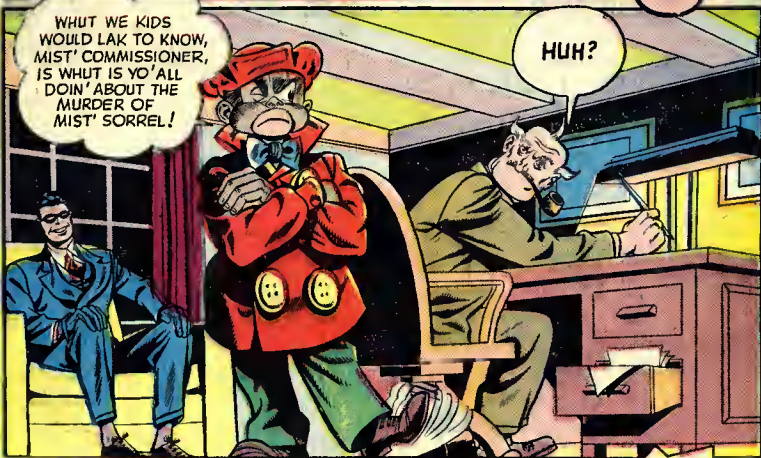
THE

# SPIRIT



WHUT WE KIDS  
WOULD LAK TO KNOW,  
MIST' COMMISSIONER,  
IS WHUT IS YO' ALL  
DOIN' ABOUT THE  
MURDER OF  
MIST' SORREL!

HUH?



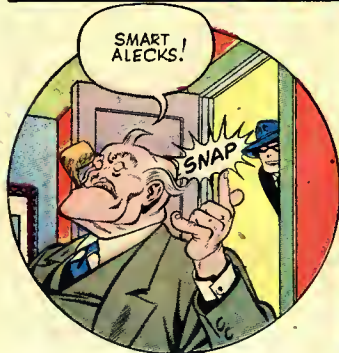
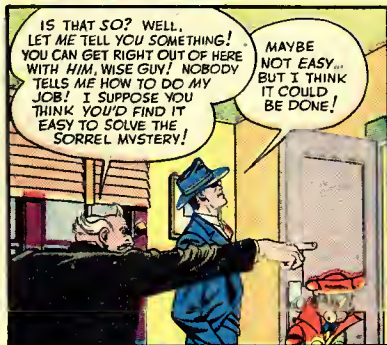
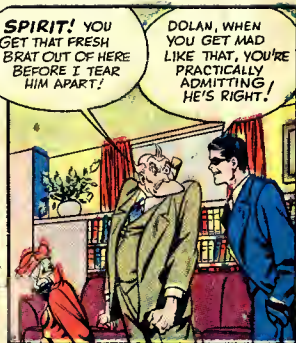
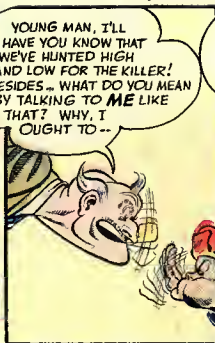
MIST' SORREL  
DONE MO' FO' US KIDS  
THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN  
THIS HYAH TOWN ... AN'  
NOW SOMEBODY KILLS  
HIM AN' YO' CAIN'T  
EVEN KETCH THE  
MURDERER!

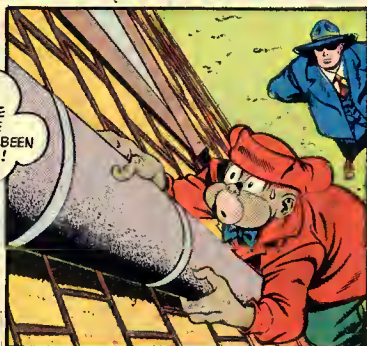
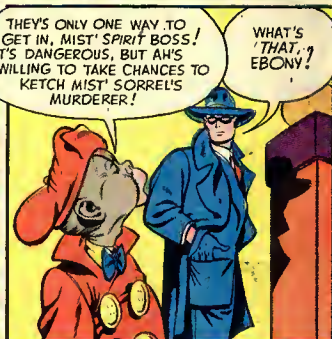
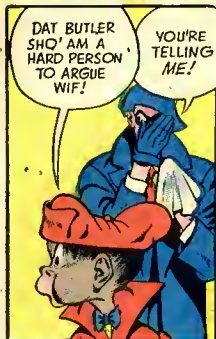
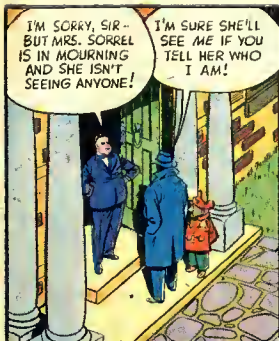
OF ALL  
THE  
NERVE!!





# The Spirit







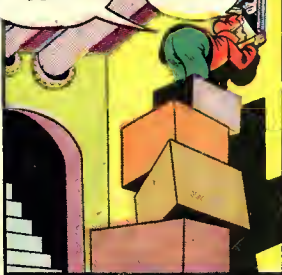
# The Spirit



DE DOOR'S OPEN!  
WHEW! DAT SHO'  
HAD ME  
WORRIED!



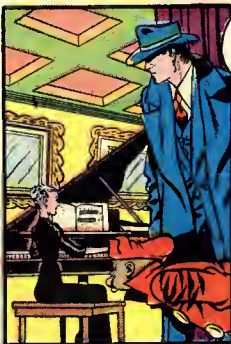
ALL SET,  
MIST' SPIRIT  
BOSS!



NICE  
WORK,  
EBONY!

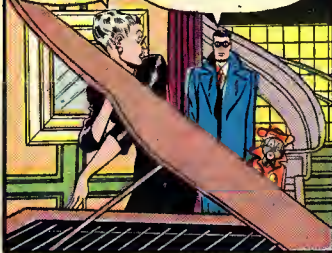


SOMEBODY'S  
PLAYING THE  
PIANO!



OH... YOU  
STARTLED ME!  
HOW DID YOU  
GET IN?

IN A SOMEWHAT  
ROUNDABOUT MANNER,  
MRS. SORREL! YOU  
ARE MRS. SORREL,  
AREN'T YOU?



WHY, YES,  
OF COURSE!  
WHY HAVE YOU  
COME HERE!

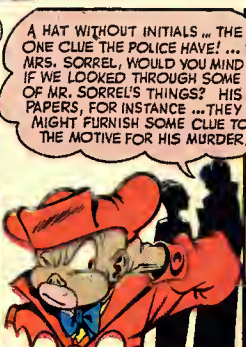
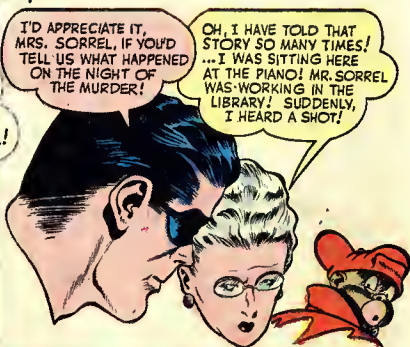
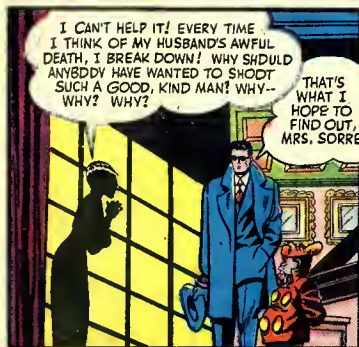
TO TALK  
TO YOU ABOUT  
THE DEATH OF  
YOUR HUSBAND!



I'M TERRIBLY  
SORRY, MRS. SORREL!  
I DIDN'T MEAN TO  
UPSET YOU!

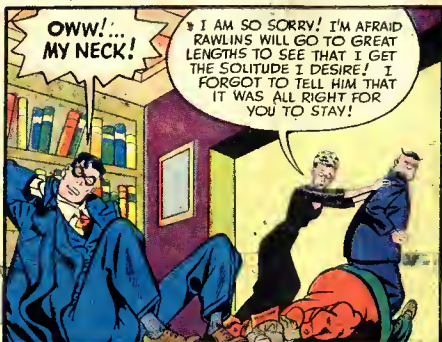
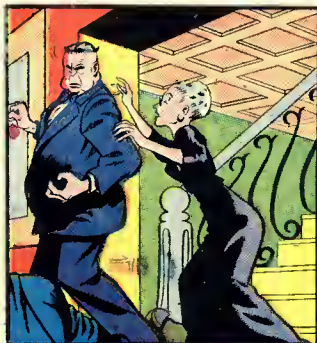


# The Spirit





# The Spirit



# The Spirit



I'M  
AFRAID  
SO!



WAIT!



I GUESS WE  
CAN GO NOW,  
EBONY!



THANK YOU,  
MRS. SORREL!  
I'M AFRAID WE  
DIDN'T HAVE  
MUCH SUCCESS!

YOU TRIED TO  
FIND THE MURDERER!  
IT IS ALL ANYBODY  
CAN DO! RAWLINS  
WILL SHOW YOU  
TO THE DOOR!



I'M SORRY  
ABOUT WHAT  
I DID, SIR!... I  
DIDN'T KNOW  
THAT MRS. SORREL  
CONSIDERED YOU  
AS FRIENDS!

THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT, RAWLINS!  
... WE'VE  
FORGOTTEN  
ALL ABOUT  
IT!

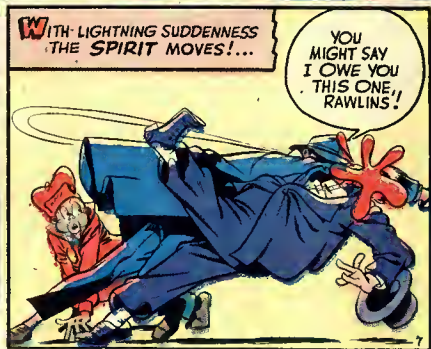


DO YOU MIND IF  
I WALK WITH YOU, SIR?  
I HAVE TO PURCHASE  
SOMETHING IN ONE  
OF THE STORES!

COME  
ON  
ALONG!



SPORT  
SHOP

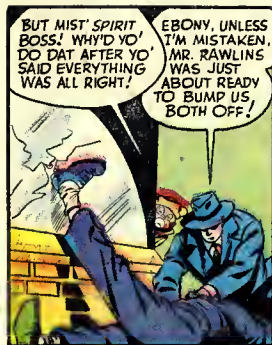


WITH LIGHTNING SUDDENNESS  
THE SPIRIT MOVES!...

YOU  
MIGHT SAY  
I OWE YOU  
THIS ONE,  
RAWLINS!

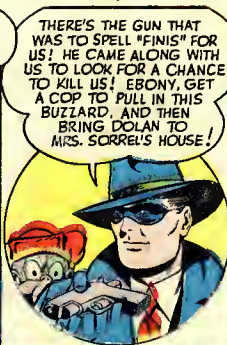


# The Spirit



BUT MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! WHY'D YO' DO DAT AFTER YO' SAID EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT!

EBONY, UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, MR. RAWLINS WAS JUST ABOUT READY TO BUMP US BOTH OFF!



THERE'S THE GUN THAT WAS TO SPELL "FINIS" FOR US! HE CAME ALONG WITH US TO LOOK FOR A CHANCE TO KILL US! EBONY, GET A COP TO PULL IN THIS BUZZARD, AND THEN BRING DOLAN TO MRS. SORREL'S HOUSE!

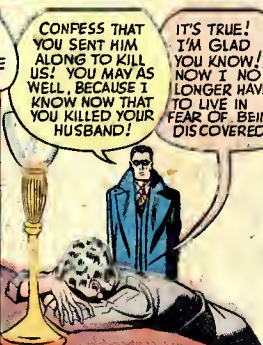


THOUGHTFUL OF ME TO TAKE RAWLINS' KEY!

IS IT DONE, RAWLINS?

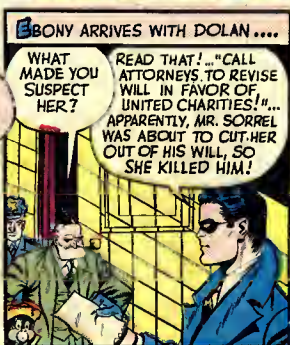


NO, MRS. SORREL! IT ISN'T DONE! .. I DECIDED NOT TO GIVE MR. RAWLINS AN OPPORTUNITY TO KILL US!



CONFESS THAT YOU SENT HIM ALONG TO KILL US! YOU MAY AS WELL, BECAUSE I KNOW NOW THAT YOU KILLED YOUR HUSBAND!

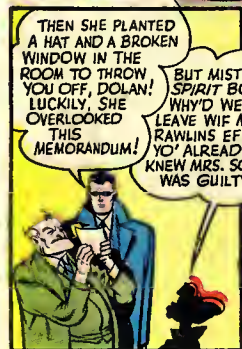
IT'S TRUE! I'M GLAD YOU KNOW! NOW I NO LONGER HAVE TO LIVE IN FEAR OF BEING DISCOVERED!



EBONY ARRIVES WITH DOLAN ....

WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT HER?

READ THAT! "...CALL ATTORNEYS TO REVISE WILL IN FAVOR OF UNITED CHARITIES!"... APPARENTLY, MR. SORREL WAS ABOUT TO CUT HER OUT OF HIS WILL, SO SHE KILLED HIM!



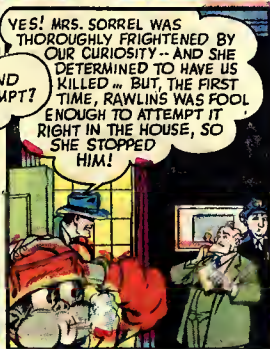
THEN SHE PLANTED A HAT AND A BROKEN WINDOW IN THE ROOM TO THROW YOU OFF, DOLAN! LUCKILY, SHE OVERLOOKED THIS MEMORANDUM!

BUT MIST' SPIRIT BOSS, WHY'D WE LEAVE WIF MR. RAWLINS EF'N YO' ALREADY KNEW MRS. SORREL WAS GUILTY?

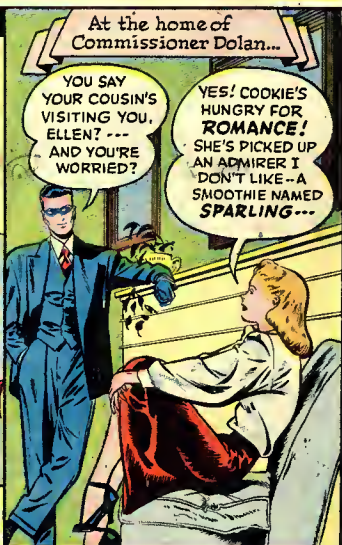


BECAUSE I HAD TO HAVE PROOF THAT MRS. SORREL WAS SO AFRAID OF BEING FOUND OUT THAT SHE'D RESORT TO A SECOND ATTEMPT TO KILL US!

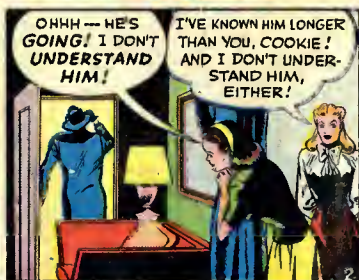
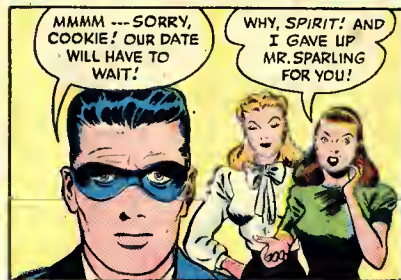
A SECOND ATTEMPT?

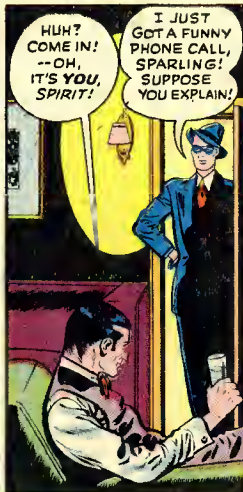


YES! MRS. SORREL WAS THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED BY OUR CURIOSITY -- AND SHE DETERMINED TO HAVE US KILLED ... BUT, THE FIRST TIME, RAWLINS WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT IT RIGHT IN THE HOUSE, SO SHE STOPPED HIM!



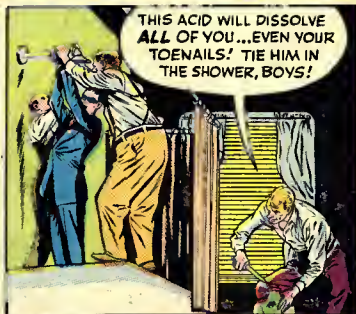
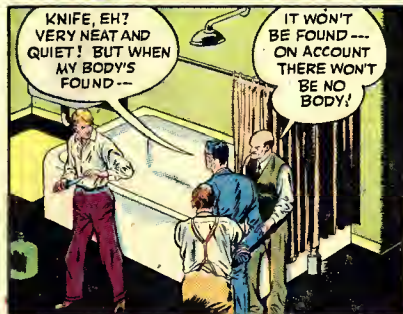


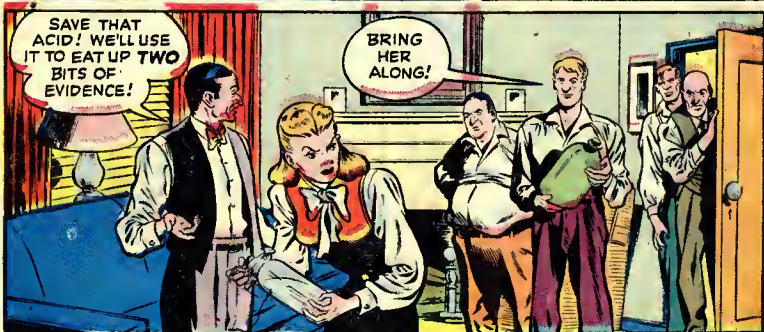






# The Spirit







# The Spirit

Left alone for the moment, the Spirit strives to free himself ...

THE ROPE IS STRONG... WELL TIED...



BUT THE PLUMBING SEEMS TO BE BADLY CONNECTED!



MAYBE THE BEST WAY IS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY... A HUNK OF LEAD FOR THE LADY, THEN FOR THE SPIRIT...



WHERE ARE MY HOSTS? IT'S BAD FORM TO LEAVE A VISITOR ALONE...



IT'S WORSE FORM TO POINT, ESPECIALLY WITH A GUN!

HE'S LOOSE! TACKLE HIM!



Meanwhile, in the apartment below...

WHAT'S ALL THAT SCUFFLING UPSTAIRS, HONEY?

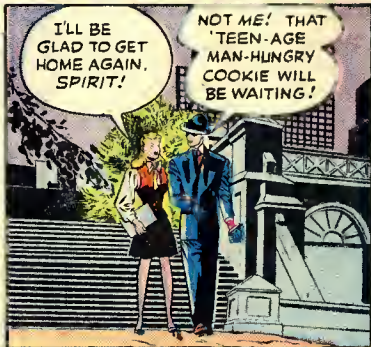
SOME SORT OF WILD PARTY! LOOK --THAT GREEN STUFF HAS EATEN DOWN THROUGH OUR CEILING!



FINISH HIM! HE'S ONLY ONE AGAINST ALL OF YOU...

THAT'S THE TROUBLE... THERE'S SO MANY OF US TO HIT!







# The Spirit

**Amazing!!**

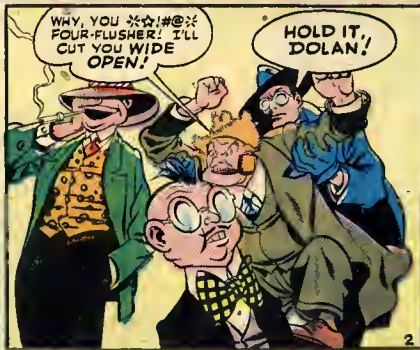
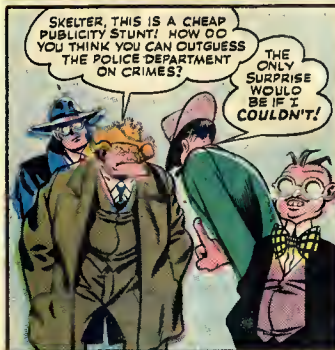
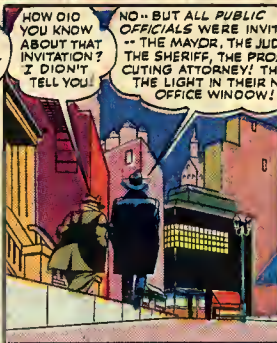
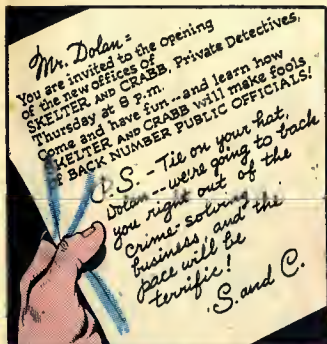
COMMISSIONER DOLAN  
UNDER ARREST!!  
FOR MURDER!!!

**Is he guilty?**

**LET'S TURN BACKWARD  
TO SEE WHAT  
THIS IS ALL ABOUT---**

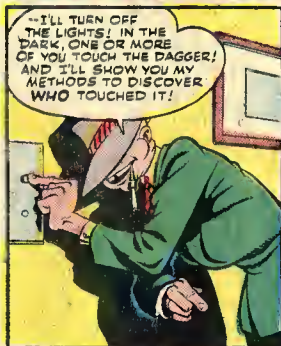


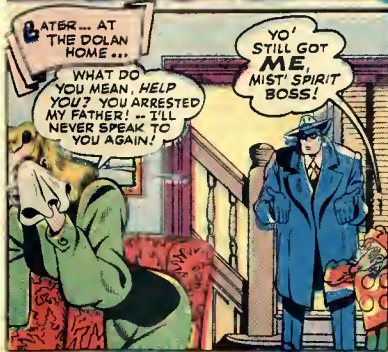
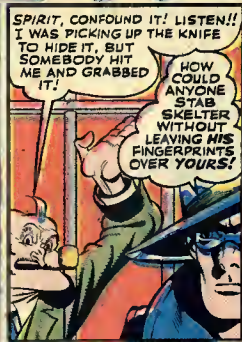
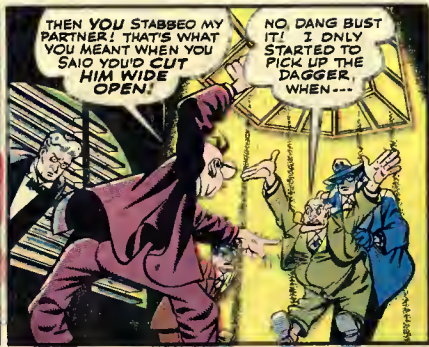
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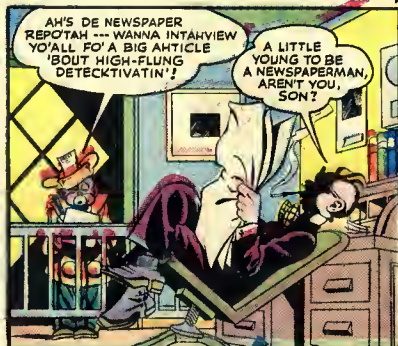
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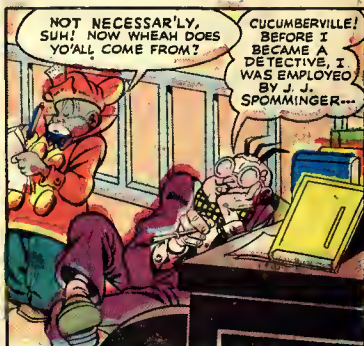


# The Spirit



AH'S DE NEWSPAPER  
REPOTAH --- WANNA INTAHVIEW  
YO'ALL FO' A BIG AH'TICLE  
'BOUT HIGH-FLUNG  
DETECTIVATIN'!

A LITTLE  
YOUNG TO BE  
A NEWSPAPERMAN,  
AREN'T YOU,  
SON?



NOT NECESSAR'LY,  
SUH! NOW WHEAH DOES  
YO'ALL COME FROM?

CUCUMBERVILLE!  
BEFORE I  
BECAME A  
DETECTIVE, I  
WAS EMPLOYED  
BY J. J.  
SPOMMINGER---



WAIT! AREN'T  
YOU GOING TO  
GET THE REST  
OF THE  
INTERVIEW?

NOSSUH!  
DAT'S ALL MIST'  
SPIRIT BOSS --  
I MEANS, DE  
EDITOR ---  
WANTED ME TO  
FIND OUT!



GOO-BYE!

WHO DID  
THAT LITTLE  
SQUIRT SAY  
SENT HIM?



WHAT'S  
THE NAME  
OF THAT  
TOWN??

CUCUMBAH-  
VILLE ---  
WIF A  
CAPITAL  
Q!

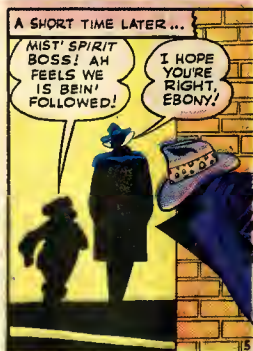


AN' DE MAN  
HE DONE WUK  
FO' WAS  
SPOMMINGER!

ELLEN? FORGET  
THIS PETTY QUARREL!  
WE'VE GDT TO SAVE  
YOUR FATHER!  
HURRY TO THE  
LIBRARY AND BORROW  
THE CUCUMBERVILLE  
DIRECTORY!



I'LL DO IT!  
I FELT SO  
LONELY ... I  
HOPED YOU'D  
CALL AND LET  
ME FORGIVE  
YOU!



A SHORT TIME LATER ...

MIST' SPIRIT  
BOSS! AH  
FEELS WE  
IS BEIN'  
FOLLOWED!

I HOPE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
EBONY!

# The Spirit



I GOT IT!

LOOK FOR THE NAME OF **SPOMMINGER!**



HERE IT IS...  
J.J. SPOMMINGER  
STOCKS AND BONDS...  
"CUCUMBERVILLE 999"!

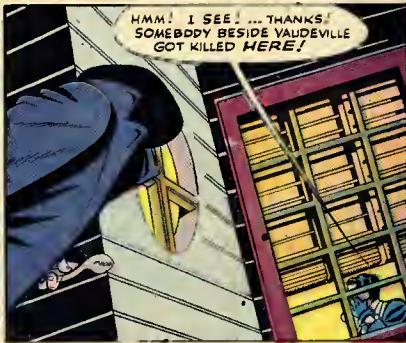
HELLO!  
...LONG  
DISTANCE!



MR. SPOMMINGER?  
THIS IS CENTRAL CITY  
POLICE, CHECKING ON A  
MAN NAMED **CRABB**, WHO  
SAYS HE WORKED  
FOR YOU...



THOSE WERE THE OLD DAYS  
WHEN I WAS A THEATRICAL AGENT  
BEFORE VAUDEVILLE DIED! I THINK  
**CRABB** HELPED KILL IT -- HA-HA-HA!  
...HE WAS AN EXPERT....



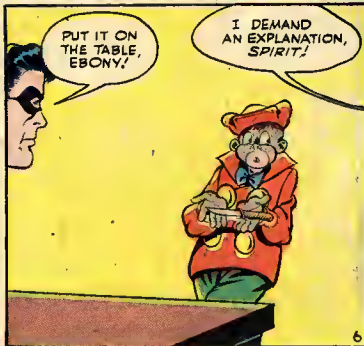
HMM! I SEE! ... THANKS!  
SOMEBODY BESIDE VAUDEVILLE  
GOT KILLED HERE!



YOU SAY  
THE PHONE  
WENT DEAD?  
WHAT ---

THINGS ARE  
ABOUT TO START  
POPPING! EBONY,  
DID YOU MAKE THAT  
PURCHASE AT THE  
NOVELTY SHOP?

IT'S IN  
DE NEX'  
ROOM!  
I'LL GIT  
IT!

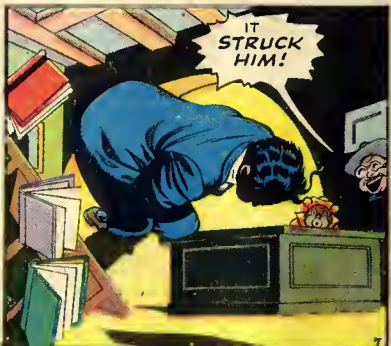
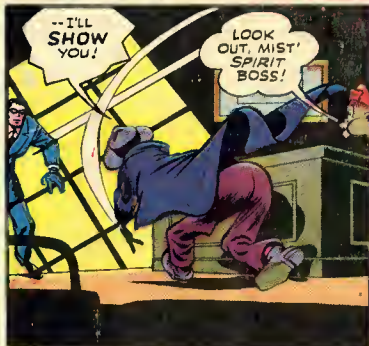


PUT IT ON  
THE TABLE,  
EBONY!

I DEMAND  
AN EXPLANATION,  
SPIRIT!



# The Spirit



# The Spirit



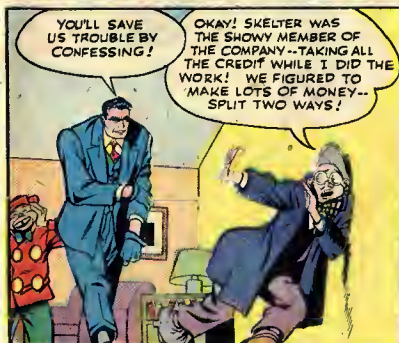
DON'T BE WORRIED, FOLKS! KNUCKLES ARE BETTER THAN KNIVES!

SO YOU WERE THE 'KILLER! NO FINGER-PRINTS --BECAUSE YOU TOOK THE KNIFE BY THE BLADE TO' THROW IT!

YOU'RE NOT EVEN BLEEDING! YOU MUST BE A DEVIL!

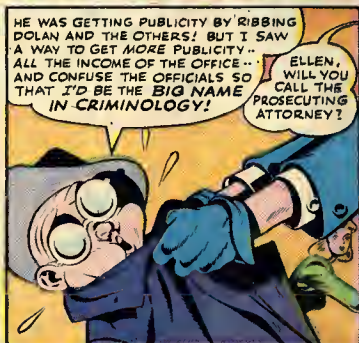


NO, JUST THE SPIRIT! BUT THE KNIFE I LEFT HANOVY FOR YOU TO GRAB WAS MADE OF RUBBER! AN OLD APRIL FOOL GADGET!



YOU'LL SAVE US TROUBLE BY CONFESSING!

OKAY! SKELTER WAS THE SHOWY MEMBER OF THE COMPANY--TAKING ALL THE CREDIT WHILE I DID THE WORK! WE FIGURED TO MAKE LOTS OF MONEY-- SPLIT TWO WAYS!



HE WAS GETTING PUBLICITY BY 'RIBBING DOLAN AND THE OTHERS! BUT I SAW A WAY TO GET MORE PUBLICITY-- ALL THE INCOME OF THE OFFICE-- AND CONFUSE THE OFFICIALS SO THAT I'D BE THE BIG NAME IN CRIMINOLOGY!

ELLEN, WILL YOU CALL THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY?



Later...

I'LL NEVER MISTRUST YOU AGAIN, SPIRIT! YOU HAD FAITH IN DADDY ALL THE TIME!



WHAFFO' YO' DOWN IN OE OUMPS, MIST' DOLAN?



AFTER SPENDING A NIGHT IN JAIL, I'M SORRY FOR EVERYBODY I EVER ARRESTED!



## JONESY

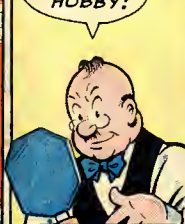
By DIB

WELL! ONLY ONE COLLAR BUTTON LEFT IN MY HOBBY BOX-- THE ONE I'VE BEEN SAVING SPECIALLY FOR TODAY!

TO THINK--SIX YEARS AGO, I WAS A NERVOUS WRECK BEFORE THE DOC ADVISED ME TO TAKE UP A HOBBY!

NOW LOOK AT ME!-- NOT A NERVE IN MY BODY... CALM AS A CLAM... HAVEN'T SPOKEN A HOT WORD IN YEARS!

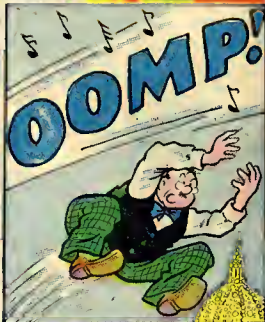
EVER SINCE I STARTED THAT ODD HOBBY OF BUILDING THINGS OUT OF COLLAR BUTTONS!



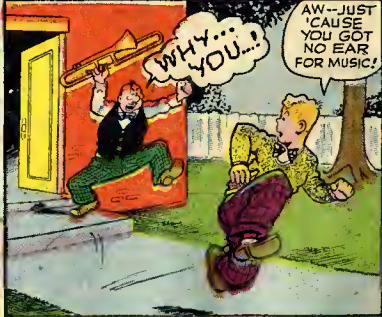
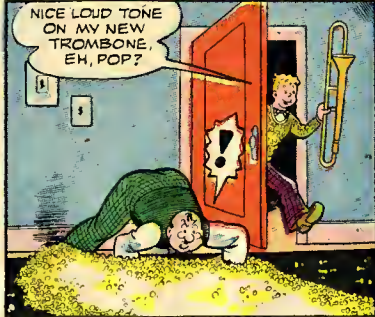
AND NOW MY MASTERPIECE IS COMPLETE SAVE FOR THIS ONE LAST COLLAR BUTTON ON THE CUPOLA!

FINISHED! AFTER SIX YEARS OF TIRELESS HAPPY EFFORT!

MY CATHEDRAL OF COLLAR BUTTONS!

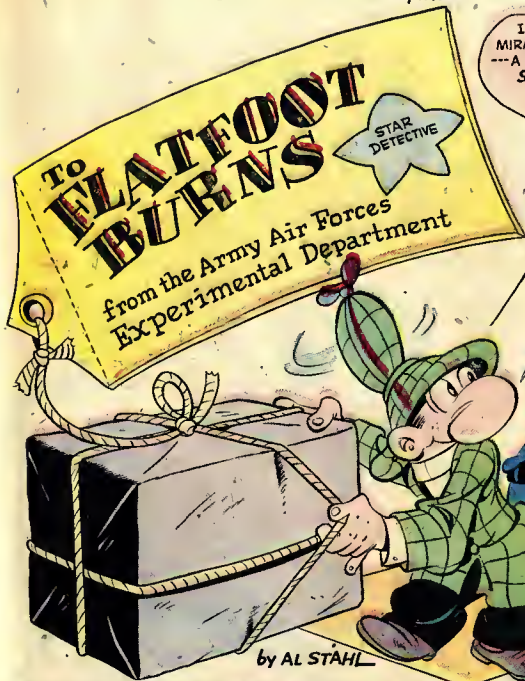


NICE LOUD TONE ON MY NEW TROMBONE, EH, POP?



WHY... YOU...

AW--JUST 'CAUSE YOU GOT NO EAR FOR MUSIC!



by AL STAHL

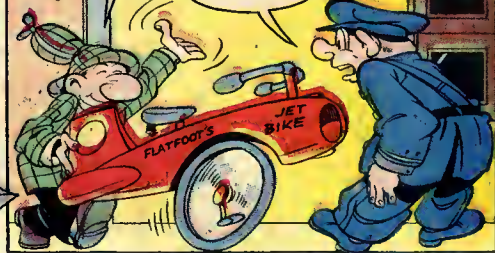
I HAVE HERE, CHIEF, A MODERN  
MIRACLE OF SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT  
---A DEVICE WHICH MAKES ME THE  
SPEEDIEST CRIME-SOLVING  
DETECTIVE IN THE  
WORLD!

OH, YEAH?  
HAW! HAW! HAW!  
THEN DON'T BE SO  
SLOW OPENING  
THE PACKAGE!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'LL BE  
ABLE TO GET TO THE SCENE  
OF THE CRIME BEFORE  
THE CRIME TAKES PLACE  
AT THE SCENE!

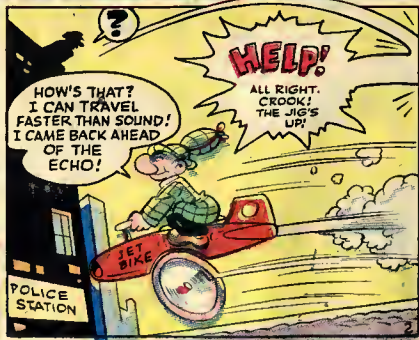
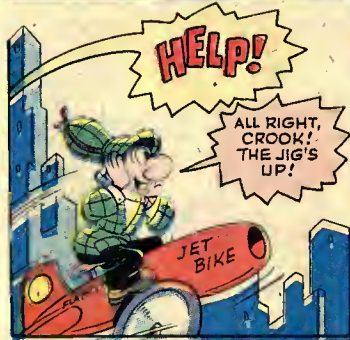
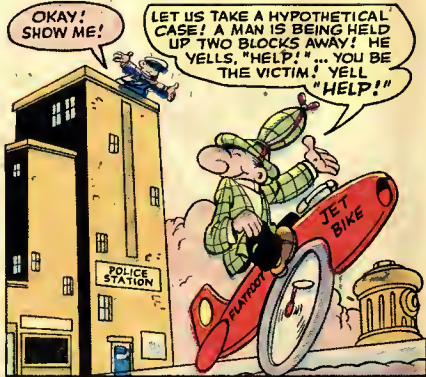
BEHOLD! FLATFOOT BURNS' JET-PROPELLED,  
PROPELLERLESS HOT AIR "SHOOTING STAR"  
DETECTIVE BICYCLE!

≥GULP!≤

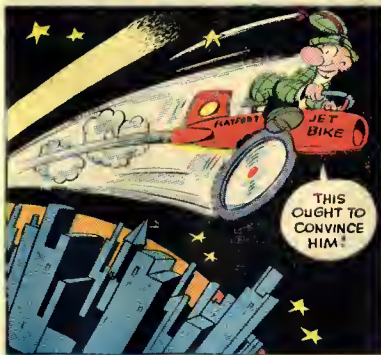
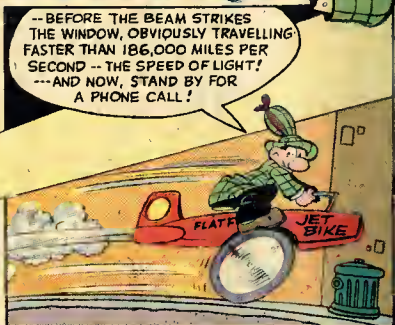
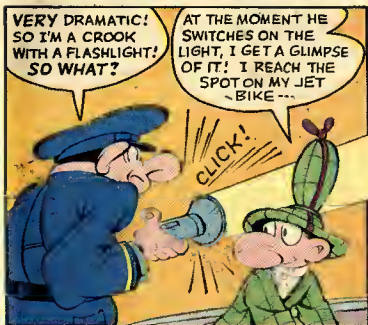
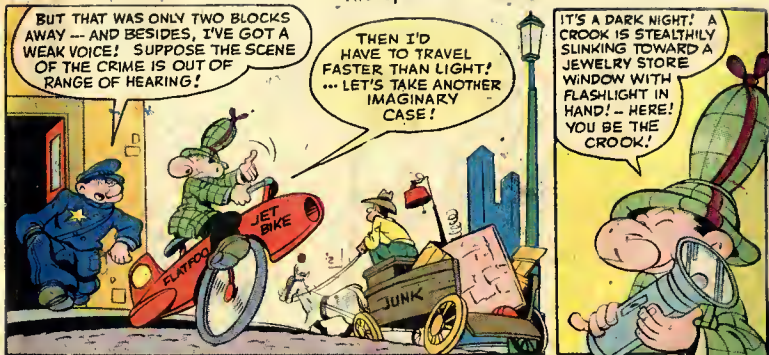




# The Spirit

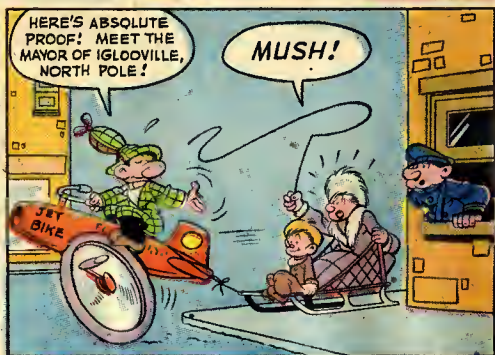
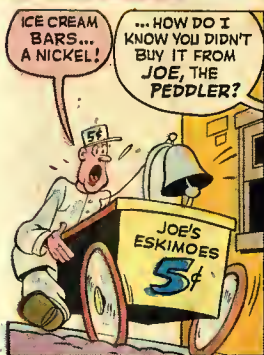
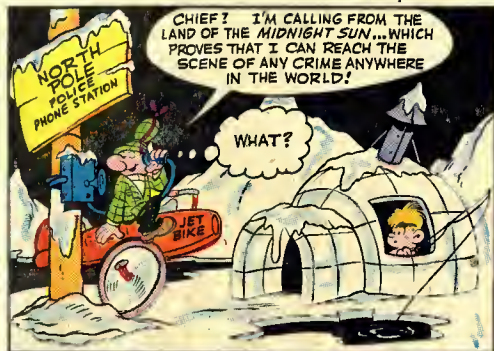


# The Spirit





# The Spirit



# JONESY *by DIB*

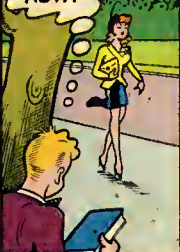
"BELIEVE IN YOURSELF  
AND STEP OUT UNAFRAID.  
BY MISGIVINGS AND DOUBTS  
BE NOT EASILY  
SWAYED!"



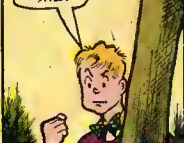
"THE WISDOM OF AGES  
IS YOURS IF YOU'LL READ,  
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO  
BELIEVE IN YOURSELF  
TO SUCCEED!"



IT'S FATE--IT'S  
DESTINY!  
HERE SHE  
COMES  
NOW!



AM I GONNA CHOKE  
UP, STAMMER AND  
SPUTTER AND THEN  
PULL A POWDER AS  
USUAL? NO! --A  
THOUSAND TIMES NO!  
I'LL ASK THAT NEW  
SUPER-SNOOTY WITCH  
HERE AND NOW TO  
GO TO THAT  
DANCE WITH  
ME!



"THE WISDOM OF AGES IS  
YOURS IF YOU'LL READ,  
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO  
BELIEVE IN YOUR-  
SELF TO  
SUCCEED!"



ER--AH--AHEM--  
PAR'M--ME--  
BUT --  
ER-EH--

YES?

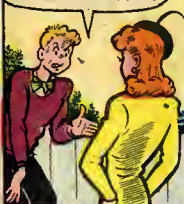


THAT IS-- YOU SEE --  
M-M--MY NAME'S  
MONES --JARVIN  
MONES --JONES--  
I MEAN-- MARVIN  
JONES--

HOW  
NICE!



NOW --O ULP--WE  
LIVE ON CENTRE ST--  
AND WELL--THAT IS--  
22 CENTRE STR-- AND  
I WANTED TO ASK  
YOU SOMETHING  
VERY IMPORTANT!



AND THAT  
QUESTION IS --  
GEE, I'LL BET  
YOU THINK I  
GOT NERVE --  
GEE--BUT--BUT  
THAT QUESTION  
IS --WILL YOU--I  
MEAN--DO  
YOU ---



DO YOU LIKE APPLE  
B-BUTTER ON  
C-CORN  
FRITTERS?



WHAT AN  
ODD BOY!



IT'S NO USE!  
I AIN'T THE TYPE!  
OH, WHY, WHY  
DOESN'T A  
HOLE OPEN UP  
AND SWALLOW  
MY ORNERY  
CARCASS?!





# BACKFIRE

"WHEN you move in on a town like this here Central City," said Nock Strube darkly, "you move in big. That's what we plan to do!"

"This here Commissioner Dolan," said his sidekick, Tick Spratts. "What about him?"

"Rube," snapped Nock. "Plain rube. Don't worry, none about him."

Nock hitched himself closer to the little hotel table and screwed his eyes up. "Now here's my plan, boys: They's more'n a hunnerd merchants in this here town—all waitin' to be milked dry. We start in tomorrow—the usual procedure."

"What if they squawk?" asked Finny Bonn.

Nock eyed his pal wryly. "Again the usual procedure. Let 'em have it!"

Spratts and Bonn nodded. They understood.

"Now get busy," said Nock. Line up as many as you can today and tomorrow. We wanta scam outa here in three or four days."

The two muggs left the hotel room furtively. They were well prepared for the dirty work afoot. Each carried a pad of cards printed with "Protective Association. Dues five dollars each month, in advance."

Tick sauntered down one street, Finny another. They would work casually, watching for stores that had few or no customers in while they put on the heat.

Tick entered a small hardware, which was vacant of customers for the moment, and approached the proprietor.

"You Mr. Burg?" asked Tick importantly.

"That's me. What can I do for you?"

Finny flashed one of his cards and an order book. "I'm Flaherty, o' the Protective Association," he said. "We're canvassing th' town today an' tomorrow. You fellows need protection. They's a bad gang movin' in here. We aim to keep you outa trouble. Sign right here, Mr. Burg." Tick held out the book and a fountain pen.

Burg looked at the form, then looked at the supposed "Mr. Flaherty."

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Flaherty," he said. "You mean I'm supposed to sign up for

some sort of protection? Protection against what?"

Tick drew a long face. "As I told you, Mr. Burg, they's a rotten gang moved into Central City. They mean to make it tough on every merchant—bleed 'em out of plenty of dough, if you get what I mean. Muscle men they are. Our organization will see that they don't pester you. It's five bucks a month, in advance."

"I see," said Burg dubiously. "Then this service costs me five dollars a month. Well, if what you say is true, I'd better sign."

He took the pen and scrawled his name, and Tick handed him a card.

"Put it up in a prominent place, Mr. Burg," he advised him. "Then if any of them coyotes comes in here, they'll see it and lay off. Good day, sir."

Finny Bonn was giving out the same treatment in another part of town.

That evening when the two crooks gathered in the Boss's hotel room, they compared notes. Each had a roll of bills. Each packed a grin.

"Boss, this is easy pickin'," said Finny. "I only had two guys refuse—got their names and addresses right here." He held out a paper, which Nock took and scanned cursorily, shoving it in his pocket.

"How about you?" asked Nock to Tick.

"Same story, Nock. One guy put up a beef. I warned him what this 'gang' might do, but he threw me out. Here's his address."

Nock nodded solemnly "Tonight you guys have a little extra work to do—nice work, eh?"

The two grinned. Anything dirty pleased them.

When Central City's fire department received three calls in a half hour, the whole town was alarmed. Never had they had so many fires. And all in so short a time. Three stores on the main streets of the city.

Commissioner Dolan shook his head when he read the report of the fires: burned to the ground, and two other stores had been burned, too.

"That's odd," said Dolan.

"Plenty odd," replied the fire chief. "We just

## The Spirit

couldn't put them fires out, Commissioner. Must have been something incendiary used."

Dolan looked up quickly. "Used?" he said.

"Sure," said the fire chief. "Those fires was set, all right. Mebbe magnesium. Nothing could stop 'em."

"Hm," said Dolan, and pressed a button on his desk.

An orderly came in.

"You see anything of Ebony White trottin' about?" he asked.

The orderly said no.

"Then find him. Get him to tell *The Spirit* I want to see him right away."

The orderly left the office, and the commissioner and fire chief eyed each other.

"You aimin' to call in *The Spirit*?" asked the fire chief.

"What else?" snapped Dolan. "Whenever the forces of law and order fail, we call on *The Spirit*."

Ellen Dolan, the commissioner's daughter, came running into her dad's office, face flushed.

"You seen *The Spirit* today, Dad?" she asked brightly.

Dolan grinned. He loved this only daughter.

"No, baby, but I've just sent out to round him up."

"Looking for me?" said a voice behind them.

"Spirit!" exclaimed Dolan, rising. "We were just wondering where you were."

"Hi, Ellen!" said *The Spirit*. "What's up, Dolan?"

"These fires—" began Dolan. *The Spirit* laughed.

"Oh, those!" he said easily. "What about 'em?"

"I don't get the idea—they're set, according to the chief."

*The Spirit* nodded. "They're set, all right," he replied "and by a couple of crooks I'm going to lay by the heels soon!"

"What's the angle?" Dolan asked.

*The Spirit* told him what he knew about Nock Strube's plan, which he knew well.

"He's a small-time racketeer," said *The Spirit*. "Works this gag all over the country. Cleans up quite a bit, too."

"Well," said Dolan, "you don't seem to be concerned much about it. What am I to do?"

"Nothing," said *The Spirit*, grinning.

"Nothing!"

"Not till I give you the word, Commissioner," grinned *The Spirit*. "I have a little plan of my

own, which should trap 'em quick. It's working already. You just sit tight and wait."

Ellen caught *The Spirit* by the arm. "Aw, do you have to work now?" she demanded. "I thought we might—"

"Tut-tut, Angel face," laughed *The Spirit*. "I have work to do—so your pappy can keep his job."

They left the office with Dolan growling about smart young scalawags.

"Well, let me in on it," demanded Ellen archly.

*The Spirit* said, "Well, our friend Strube just bought out the biggest rat's nest in the county—*The Flamingo*, out in the Strip. You know the place."

"No! The one that Dad has always tried to close?"

*The Spirit* nodded. "The same—Now, Ellen, I must run along and set the stage. See you this evening!"

Strube's boys made a killing in Central City. And when they were ready to move on to further pickings, Strube told them of his new plan, but withheld information about buying *The Flamingo*.

"You boys have a few odds and ends to pick up here," said Strube. "So rustle now and get 'em in. You can leave in three days."

*The Spirit* made it a point to have a contact man—see Finny that afternoon, and Finny hopped a cab and was flying toward *The Flamingo* in a hurry.

"No dice," said the boss of *The Flamingo* when Finny approached him about protection. "I'll be my own protection. Now scram!"

"You'll be sorry!" Finny warned the man.

Boss Strube was busy that night, and so was unable to see his boys. *The Spirit* saw to that. So naturally they carried out his usual orders.

That night *The Flamingo* burned to the ground.

Commissioner Dolan was happy, beaming.

"How did you arrange it?" he asked *The Spirit*.

The latter grinned. "I played the part of proprietor of *The Flamingo*, that's all—and of course got Finny on the job to approach me."

Dolan laughed. "Well, that wipes out Strube in one fell swoop! Great work, Spirit! Now what?"

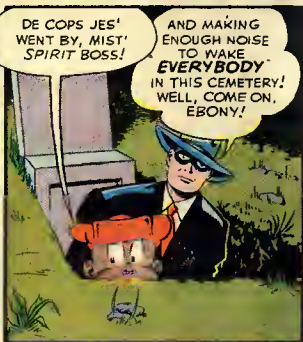
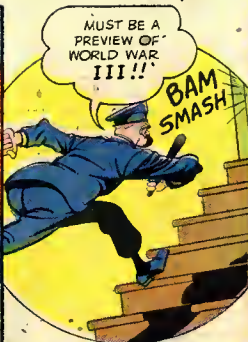
"Got a date with Ellen," said *The Spirit*. "We're goin' to some clambake out in the country—fireworks 'n' everything!"

"Fireworks!" groaned Dolan. "A body'd think you'd had your fill of fires!"

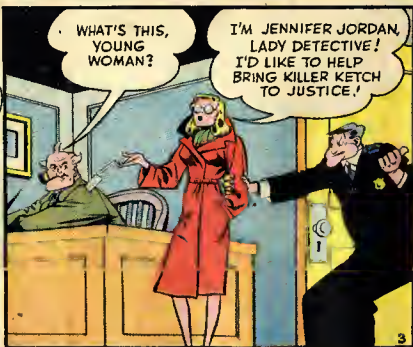
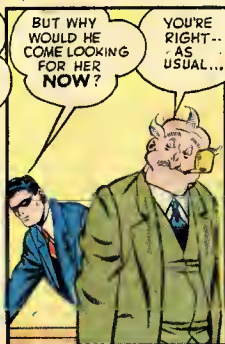
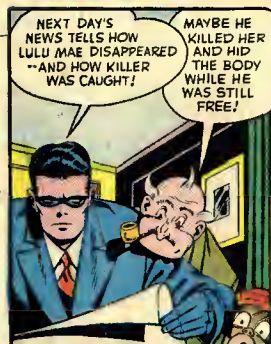




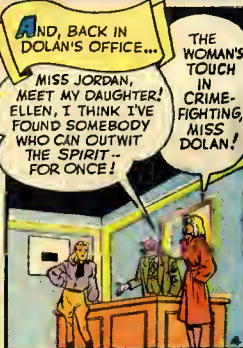
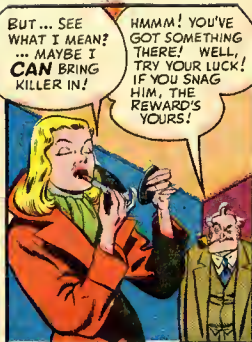
# The Spirit





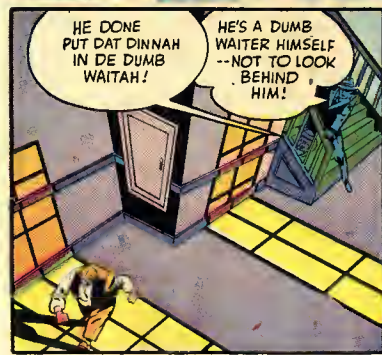
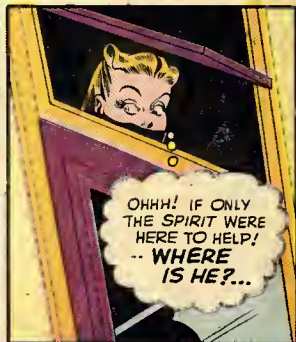


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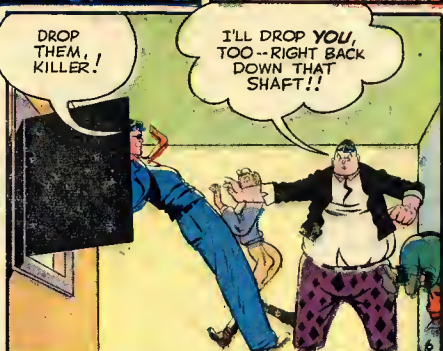




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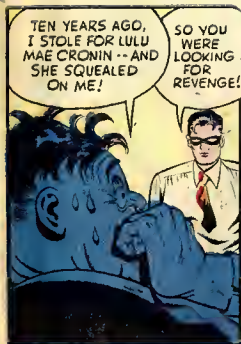
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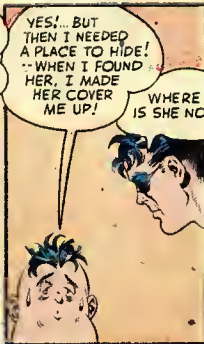


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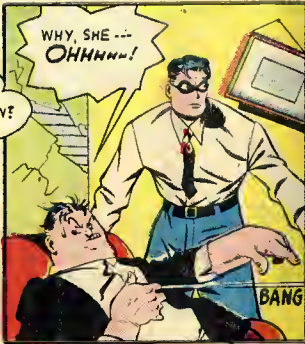
TEN YEARS AGO,  
I STOLE FOR LULU  
MAE CRONIN -- AND  
SHE SQUEALED  
ON ME!

SO YOU  
WERE  
LOOKING  
FOR  
REVENGE!



YES!... BUT  
THEN I NEEDED  
A PLACE TO HIDE!  
-- WHEN I FOUND  
HER, I MADE  
HER COVER  
ME UP!

WHERE  
IS SHE NOW?



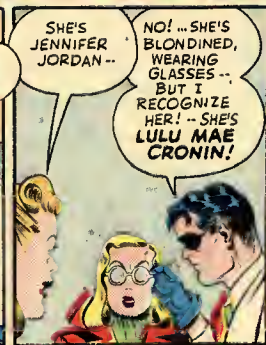
WHY, SHE ---  
**OHHHHH!!**

**BANG**



HE WAS GOING  
TO JUMP AT  
YOU! ... I  
SHOT HIM TO  
SAVE YOU!

HAND  
OVER THE  
GUN! -- AND  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

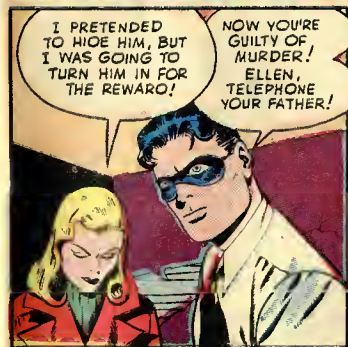


SHE'S  
JENNIFER  
JORDAN --

NO! ... SHE'S  
BLONDED,  
WEARING  
GLASSES --  
BUT I  
RECOGNIZE  
HER! -- SHE'S  
LULU MAE  
CRONIN!

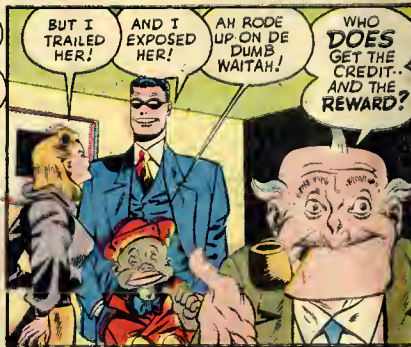


ALL RIGHT!  
YOU GOT ME! ...  
AFTER KILLER WENT  
TO PRISON, I CHANGED  
MY NAME AND COMPLEXION.  
GOT A NEW JOB ---



I PRETENDED  
TO HIDE HIM, BUT  
I WAS GOING TO  
TURN HIM IN FOR  
THE REWARD!

NOW YOU'RE  
GUILTY OF  
MURDER!  
ELLEN,  
TELEPHONE  
YOUR FATHER!



BUT I  
TRAILED  
HER!

AND I  
EXPOSED  
HER!

AH RODE  
UP ON DE  
DUMB  
WAITAH!

WHO  
**DOES**  
GET THE  
CREDIT--  
AND THE  
REWARD?



**Our Biggest  
Bulb Bargain**



**AMAZING GET ACQUAINTED**

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**OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK**

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment . . . Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

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**100  
BULBS  
for \$1.69**

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